

22 Wishes

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22 Wishes

by [dnfsinner](#)

Summary

“George? What’s this?” he asks, hands now cuffed to the two hooks they installed specifically for reasons like this (though usually, their positions were swapped).

“Your birthday gift,” George smirks. Dream looks confused. “What? Seriously thought I’d forget to get you one, too?”

Or, it’s Dream’s birthday, and George has the perfect surprise planned.

Notes

sorry for the reupload, i’m literally so done with ao3 rn

power play; power bottom george but he gets his shit wrecked after :)

happy birthday dream

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Today is Dream's birthday.

He's turning twenty-two, finally passing the legal age of being able to drink without getting reprimanded by police or parents. And maybe the day would be better if it didn't feel like the most important person to him forgot its value.

His boyfriend—George, the prettiest boy he's ever laid his eyes upon—forgot about his birthday. Or at least it seems that way.

Dream already got his text from Sapnap, a simple yet much appreciated "happy birthday, brother!" He smiled at it, sent back a thank you message as his heart filled with content. *At least someone remembered.*

It hurts. To know that the person Dream holds closest to his heart forgot about his birthday brings detrimental deaths and spikes of indigo sadness. He doesn't know how George forgot either—it's all anyone talked about the days leading up to it; he'd been reminded every day. So maybe he has the right to be upset about his birthday this year.

It can't be that special if the most important person in his life doesn't remember it.

The entire day, nothing interesting happened—George didn't jump out and scream "happy birthday" with confetti and balloons like Dream expected him to do. Yet, because he continued to stay hopeful, he ultimately set himself up for even bigger disappointment when it never came.

He can never hate George for letting his birthday slip through dainty fingers, he loves him too much for that. But it does leave a bitter taste in Dream's mouth, saliva thick with poison injected words that he wants to scream. "*How could you forget!*" He keeps them rooted in his mind, instead.

They can talk about it tomorrow.

When Dream steps out of the shower that night, feet leaving small puddles of water as he walks to the dresser in their room, he can't help but notice his boyfriend laying on his back in the center of their bed, dressed in a fuzzy white robe, and a dusty pink blush caressing soft features. Umber eyes linger on Dream's figure, water droplets rolling down the slope of his back. Dream can see George staring from the dresser mirror.

"Coming to bed?" George asks, voice mellowed impeccably with pastel carmine. "I'm cold, and I wanna cuddle," he pouts.

Dream scoffs. "You're cold because you always keep the damn house nearly freezing."

"I like it cold."

"Then don't complain, baby."

He watches George slide off the bed, his robe wrapped tightly around the thin frame of his body. Dream wonders why he's wearing it.

"Cuddle with me, Dream," George whispers, wrapping careful arms around Dream's torso.

Dream nearly freezes at the touch, gentle hands splaying on his navel.

And as much as he will always welcome the loving intentions of his boy, he can't find it in him to do it this time. (He blames it on the events of the day).

He does, however, bring his hand up to encase one of George's. "Not tonight. I'm tired." He hopes it doesn't sound mean.

George buries his head into the middle of Dream's back, hair tickling his skin in a way that makes Dream shiver slightly. Uncut nails drag up, escaping the other's large hand. It draws metaphorical crimson in the shape of George's name, just as it's done thousands of times before—many of those had been real streaks.

He gives in immediately, humming quietly as he watches George's fingers dance across a freckled torso. Dream's hair drips with water, tufts of blond turned shaggy brown with dampness, and George can likely feel the same moisture on his back.

"You're too tired even to cuddle?" The words are said into skin, quiet if not anything else.

The blond uses his hands as leverage to lean on the dresser, shoulders rising slightly. "Yeah..." he whispers to the mirror, "I am."

Even the silence gives Dream's sadness away.

"What's wrong?" George mumbles, pulling back and trying to turn the other around. He refuses. "Dream, look at me."

With a sigh tugged from his throat, Dream turns around, the small of his back pressing into the edge of the dresser. The tension is high, and the inevitable couldn't wait until tomorrow.

"You forgot."

Seconds pass, and then Dream can see the playful glint hiding behind the eyes of umber secrets.

George smirks. "Oh, love, you think I forgot about today?" Dream nods, swallowing the pathetic lump in his throat. There's something like hope flowing through his bones. "I could never forget about your birthday, Dream. I'm not *that bad* of a boyfriend."

"Then why haven't you said anything all day?"

The smirk grows into a grin, and George answers by slipping a hand around the nape of Dream's neck, bringing him down into a kiss. And it would be considered soft if not for the way George immediately leads the motions into something more bruising.

Teeth bite at his bottom lip, pulling pink flesh under harsh pressure before it falls back in place with a barely audible *plop*. And Dream, being the most pathetic yet determined man in the universe, returns the bite, eliciting a whimper from George, which churns his stomach with spirals of everlasting lust.

George is always responsive, moans and begs in all the right ways, always giving Dream the reactions he craves. And the sadness is still there, lingering behind the poeticness of arousal, because why hadn't George acknowledged his birthday at all?

"Answer my question," he breathes against the other's lips.

“I don’t remember what it was.”

Dream smirks, kissing down to the skin of George’s jaw. “Why didn’t you say anything if you knew?”

Somehow, during their process of stumbling to the bed, Dream is the one who ends up on his back, pushing himself up to sit against the headboard with George straddling his lap. “I wanted to surprise you.”

There isn’t any time to reply, George connecting their lips again harsh enough to make Dream’s head thud against polished oak. And he’s so caught up in the moment that Dream almost thinks George has some sort of magical powers when he feels the brush of hard metal wrap tightly around his wrists, a slight sound signaling a lock ringing through the room.

Distracted by a kiss... oh, how he’ll be damned.

“George? What’s this?” he asks, hands now cuffed to the two hooks they installed specifically for reasons like this (though usually, their positions were swapped).

“Your birthday gift,” George smirks. Dream looks confused. “What? Seriously thought I’d forget to get you one, too?”

His words are enunciated with the roll of his hips, Dream stifling a moan with the barest pressure of canines on plush pink lips. The cocky smile never leaves his boyfriend’s face, instead, it grows impossibly wider as Dream struggles against the cold restraints, contrasting where they’re burning through his skin.

The echo of Dream’s head thudding against the headboard again is deafening, a small draw of oxygen filling his lungs while he bites his tongue.

“Are the handcuffs necessary?”

“Oh,” another roll of small hips, “absolutely. Just wait until you see what’s under the robe.”

Spit trails the muscle of Dream’s esophagus, burning with ash as it trickles down. His eyes fall to the slither of George’s thighs exposed by the slit of fuzzy white fabric. “What’s underneath?”

George leans in close. “You’ll find out soon enough, birthday boy.”

When their lips slot together again, it’s George who leads, utterly determined to ruin the handcuffed boy with just his mouth alone. The proof of sinful desires brush together with every roll of their hips, Dream practically limp as his hands go pliant where they’re forced to stay close to the bed.

It’s all hushed breaths and even more hushed whimpers when George nips at pretty pink, and Dream would be damned if he actually lets them slip into the comfort of his boyfriend’s ears. That means admitting defeat, and he isn’t about to fall victim to the boy he knows he can easily turn to jelly and have him begging for Dream to just *fuck him already*. If only George didn’t have him cuffed to the bed.

So he bites back, teeth digging into the other’s lip with fervor, just barely passing the threshold of drawing blood. George’s wanton gasp is immediately glazed with faux disappointment, *tsking* out a nettled noise that has Dream almost apologizing for the action.

“Don’t be a bad boy, Dream, especially on your birthday,” George grins. “Wouldn’t wanna punish

you, hm?”

Dream rolls his eyes. “Yeah, whatever, just hurry up and use my dick, bitch.”

“Impatient today, aren’t we? Thought you were better than that, baby.”

It’s obvious George is fighting for control; it’s established Dream is always the one who calls the shots, and George is the one who follows mindlessly without a second thought—though, he did have a bit of a bratty streak at times.

Dream assumes this is one of those times.

His towel is barely enough to cover his lower half, but is enough to keep himself concealed from the amber eyes that pry through his soul. “Don’t you want to be fucked, angel?” he says lowly, hoping to gain the upper hand he knows he deserves.

George’s response, however, catches him off guard.

“No.”

“W-What? Why?”

The brunet slides down, planting himself on his knees between Dream’s spread legs. “Because I want to do something first.”

Dainty hands run over the obvious hard-on Dream hides under a grey towel, fingers delivering a little squeeze to the length, and it draws a strained moan from the depths of his chest. He feels himself twitch in George’s hand, tongue darting out to wet his lips as he thinks of all the things he wants to do to his boyfriend once he’s free of the restraints.

Like, fuck his mouth. Or his hand. Or just *him* in general. And for whatever George has planned for the night, Dream can’t help but be at least a little excited—especially since this side of George only comes out once in a blue moon. (He usually fucks it out of him before it gets too out of hand).

“God,” George scoffs, “you’re already so fucking horny, Dream. It’s like you’re a fucking dog or something.”

“It’s my birthday! You can’t say that, asshole.”

Another squeeze, another stifled moan.

“I can say whatever the fuck I want. It’s not like you can do anything about it right now.”

“I could if I weren’t handcuffed to the fucking *bed*,” Dream huffs, tugging at the metal bounds around his wrists. “Let me go, and I’ll let you continue with your little ‘birthday gift.’”

George scorns, letting his hand trail to a tan knee before it slips under the hem of the towel. “We both know that’s a lie.”

Cold fingers wrap around Dream’s length, the blond hissing quietly at the sensitive feel of softness. George’s hand bulges from the cotton fabric, barely-felt movements visible from underneath as he drags to the base of Dream’s cock, the latter finally relenting with the certitude of wanting to keep needy sounds to a minimum.

Though the noises were definitely more noticeable and unheld by ivory teeth, they still aren’t loud; George hasn’t done anything to coax anything more than soft whimpers and breathy moans that are

difficult to conceal.

“I think,” George begins with the slow drag of his hand, “I deserve a thank you for the birthday present.”

Dream scoffs. “I’ll thank you after you make me cum, slut.”

“Be nice to me, Dreamie. After all, you’re the one handcuffed to a bed—and y’know,” he drawls, languidly twisting his hand on the upstroke just to make Dream wince in unadulterated pleasure. “I could honestly just leave you here with nothing.”

“Wait, no!” Dream pleads, hands involuntarily trying to reach for the mass of brown locks. He doesn’t get anywhere. “God, fucking *hell*, George. Please get rid of these things, baby. I wanna touch you.”

He hates begging—he’d rather have George be in his place—but with the tantalizing movements of his boyfriend’s hand against the slightly dry skin of his cock, he isn’t above it. Especially when his wrists are enclosed with frigid silver that keeps him from taking over and fucking George into the mattress.

George flicks the towel open suddenly, exposing Dream to cold air that brushes over the tip of barely-there slickness. “Not yet.”

With a strained groan, Dream tilts his head to the ceiling, feeling impeccably helpless at the pathetic hand of his boyfriend. And if it isn’t George, it’s Dream’s desperateness that coaxes him to fuck his dick into the other’s palm. He assumes it’s both.

He wants to beg again, wants to let vulgarity slip from his tongue with a gentle cue of “please,” but he doesn’t allow it, stifling noises with the press of his teeth against pink—soon-to-be red—lips. His cock pulses against the warm flush of George’s hand, the boy dragging it up and down with slow strokes that can almost feel as if it’s burning through the thin skin.

“You’re leaking so much,” George mockingly laughs, leaning down to poke the tip of his tongue at the wet slit. “That desperate for me, Dreamie?”

Dream quickly drops his chin down, catching the darkness that hides behind umber eyes that he just wants to rid of in his own sadistic ways. He wants to make George completely broken and submissive, all control he thinks he has, given up in a heartbeat. And from George’s view, he couldn’t help but smile at the matching black swirls coating verdant irises.

The question isn’t paired with an answer; any words that happen to spell on Dream’s tongue are swallowed by a moan when George tongues at the head of the blond’s cock. Dream wants to fuck his throat, have him gagging around thickness without a second to pass, but he remains still, even if his desires were heavy enough to have him yearning for spit to drip down his dick—George’s spit, specifically.

More than *just pretty* lips wrap around the tip, Dream watching with utmost attention as his jaw drops with a breathless noise. “God, you look so good like this, angel.”

George keens, eyelashes fluttering in the most slutty yet innocent way as he keeps his eyes on the bound man. And somewhere in the back of his mind, Dream wants to know if he tastes good on that velvet tongue. George hums, the vibrations being sent down the length of Dream’s cock, and it punches another breathy noise from the pit of a toned chest.

“Do I look pretty, Dreamie?”

Dream groans sinfully. “So pretty, baby... Fuck, please suck me off.”

The plea sounds unfamiliar to both party’s ears, the supple desperation dripping with golden honey, and it is nothing if not pathetic. Gentle, sloppy kisses are planted to the head of Dream’s cock, precum connecting to the bottom of plush-red lips before it’s smeared along the side with the draw of a tongue. And though he’s felt it more than a hundred times before, the skill George’s mouth holds will always compare to the first; he’d never get over it—ever.

He suckles at the skin—Dream can feel the wetness of the muscle swirling around in compelling movements, captivating him without another say in the world. And he adores it more than he lets on.

Mean words filter with a degrading tone. “What a slut you are, George. And on my birthday? Such a shame.”

George sinks lower, his tongue opting to flatten against the underside of Dream’s cock as he brings more into his mouth. The sight leaves a sweet essence of sin in the back of the blond’s mind, watching how he disappears behind pretty pink lips. And honestly, he adores seeing it.

The clink of metal rings out when Dream tries to reach out and push George’s head down again. And the bounds are utterly annoying, but there’s something paradox with how he isn’t able to touch, and George is; maybe it’s the way all he can do is sit there and go at his boyfriend’s pace—that he can’t do anything but watch as his cock is slowly enveloped by a pretty mouth.

Sharp needles poke at every inch of his skin; the feel of pastel canines scraping over the top of his cock pulling a needy whimper from his throat. It sounds pathetic above all else, foreign, and Dream hates to love how it came from *him* and not George. Maybe he needs to let George do this more often because he likes this side of him; the more confident, bratty facade that’s usually fucked out of him before it can get too extreme.

And though it seems George has the upper hand, Dream knows the truth.

“You look so fucking p-perfect between my thighs, princess,” he spells out with laced venom, hoping to gain a reaction from the boy below.

He gets one; George moans, the vibrations something of ecstasy as they roll down Dream’s cock, spinning a tightening coil of sex-driven arousal at the pit of his stomach. Umber eyes flutter brokenly, barely-there submission threatening to come forth, and Dream hopes to have it in his grasp soon.

Then, George pulls off with slick *pop*, spit (or precum) glistening on his lips. “Don’t talk.”

“What?”

George spits in the middle of his palm before wrapping it around Dream’s cock in place of his mouth. “I want to have my fun with you without your incessant words. So please, shut the fuck up. Okay?”

The rule won’t stay intact for long—they both know this—but Dream nods his head anyway, excitement flowing through his body when George begins to jerk his hand up and down. The grip is tight, though it isn’t as good as George’s mouth (it never will be).

Every nerve feels as if it’s on fire, trails of gasoline exploding through each vessel only to encourage fumes of orange and red. And Dream wants to tell George to hurry up, but the rule lingers in the back of his mind.

“God, you’re so hard for me, Dreamie,” George teases, smirk ever-present on pink lips. “Does knowing that the bitch you’ve fucked has you under his palm turn you on *that* much? Kind of pathetic, to be honest.”

And Dream whimpers, fucking *whimpers* at the degrading words that pierce his skin, punctures him with the pretty name of his boyfriend. George’s idioms hold true; it’s entirely pathetic—*Dream is pathetic*—and so is the whole situation at that. The countless times he’s made George fall apart just by his hands alone are turned around on him, and he almost feels like he’s crumbling from the inside out.

“*I’m not pathetic*,” he wants to say, but he keeps his mouth closed.

There’s a hard tug to his cock that makes him cry out a strained moan. “That,” another tug, “was a question,” another, “Dreamie.”

“I-I thought I wasn’t supposed to talk?”

George clamps his mouth shut; evident confusion pried from Dream’s words washes over his face, and Dream smirks at the expression.

“Can’t even remember your own rules, princess?” Dream taunts, satire intentions played behind his words. “Do you even know how to do this properly? Or do you just assume that just because I’m cuffed to our bed that I can’t gain the upper hand here? Maybe you’re the pathetic one, George.”

Ivory bites down on plush pink, a small noise muffled by the pressure, and Dream almost believes George will tear his lip up. The black swirls of confidence begin to churn into white submission, and it’s apparent he’s almost to the edge.

But then it disappears; defiance is brought back almost immediately, the hand on Dream’s cock sinking to the base in a hash enough movement that it draws a petty gasp from Dream. A solid yet timid grip is then held on his jaw, George maneuvering so he straddles one of his thighs, pressing close to the bound man.

Dream almost wishes George would spit on his face. He doesn’t.

The eye contact is challenging, though it looks as if George is struggling to keep himself composed. “Do I have to shove my cock down your throat to get you to be quiet?”

“Maybe,” Dream mumbles. “Think you can manage that, baby? Because I know how you fall to pieces from my mouth—it’d be a shame if you came so soon.” He smiles when George turns his nails into the corners of his jaw. “Especially on my birthday.”

George’s hand stills where it jerked up and down. “Your birthday—and your gift—won’t mean shit if you don’t stop trying to make me compliant.”

“But don’t you want to be?”

“Dream,” George whines, thumb swiping over the slick head of the blond’s cock, “please, shut the fuck up before I have to tape it.”

“But I thought you were gonna—”

“Dream!”

He laughs, the sound turning into a soft moan when George squeezes the tip. “O-Okay, fine, angel. Just get on with the show then.”

It's clear George is close to the edge of his capitulation, desperate to hold on to what little dominance he's able to muster within his frail body, and it's also apparent who still has the upper hand here. (It's always going to be Dream).

George's robe parts just enough for one of his thighs to be exposed, Dream's eyes falling to alabaster skin. He wants to leave bruises—he's decided that much already. He wants to see the turn of white into purple marks in the shape of his hands, and he knows he can when he isn't handcuffed to a bed.

He catches the smallest movement of thin hips, feels the roll against his own thigh, and smirks to himself. *Desperate fucking whore.*

The hand on his cock turns almost mean within minutes; George's grip becomes tighter with every downstroke, squeezing the base with vicious intent before sliding upwards and turning his palm around the tip. It draws breathy moans from the back of Dream's throat, chest heaving as he leans his head back against the headboard.

It feels fucking amazing, every pull against the restraints leaving him aching for more. And maybe he can break that little rule George ensured moments prior, but he doesn't; he chooses to keep his mouth closed, letting George relish in the temporary control he thinks he has. (He'll earn it back by the end of the night anyway).

“You look good...all helpless, made to take whatever I give you,” George whispers, hand slowing. “How does it feel to be the bitch for once?”

George's movements on his thigh become slightly erratic, and Dream smirks at the feeling of his boyfriend's desperation. He wants to tease him for it, wants to tell him how much of a needy slut he is for grinding on his leg like a dog. But he doesn't; he keeps himself focused on the glide of George's hand against his dick.

The pleasure builds up like a stack of bricks, swirls of grey twisting in Dream's stomach until it knots together and threatens to break. His moans turn more high-strung and desperate, paradoxical to the timbre noises he'd begun with. Ivory teeth dig into his bottom lip hard enough to cut it with a bite of cherry red. He wonders if George will kiss it from his mouth, given the chance.

With a particular roll of his hips, George's pace falters, and he stutters a short “fuck.”

Dream stifles a laugh at the pathetic noise, biting his tongue to keep himself from saying something curt because he wants George to believe he actually has some sort of power here. He does, however, bend his knee slightly, hiking George up enough to force a moan.

“Don't... Don't do that.”

A smug-like hum is all George receives in return, low and cocky in the way it reverberates off the walls of the bedroom. Dream's cock twitches where it lays against his stomach, precum stringing out when it jerks forward momentarily. And contrary to George's weak warning, Dream lifts his knee again.

George whimpers pathetically, and Dream doesn't hold back.

“Who's the bitch now, angel?”

“S-Shut up.”

Dream grins. “Make me, baby.”

Without warning, the hand on his cock flees and is replaced on his throat, the grip weak—Dream expected as much. His smile grows wider, pupils blown to quarters as he stares up at George.

“That's all you got?” he challenges. “You’re so *weak*, baby. This is nothing.”

Regret fills him immediately, lack of oxygen joining George’s other hand on his throat, fingers wrapped tightly around the sides when he squeezes and grinds down harder on Dream’s thigh. It brings a choked noise from the depths of his chest, eyes going wide.

“Nothing?” George repeats, confidence growing with the smirk on his face. “Because it seems to me you’re getting off to this, Dream. Me, riding your thigh, my hands around your neck... I can’t wait for the rest of our night, love.”

There’s a curious glint behind Dream’s eyes, almost submissive—he blames it on the pleasurable lack of oxygen to his brain. He struggles against the restraints, wanting to reach out and touch so fucking badly, mumbling a soft “please” that gives George more power than it really should.

When George deems satisfied with the other’s compliance, he maneuvers around to situate himself between Dream’s legs again. “You’re a nuisance, you know that?”

“Not as much as you—*fuck, angel*,” Dream cuts off with a moan when George wraps his hand around his length once more.

His strokes are slow yet tight, an obscene sound of precum lingering in the air with every drag. Dream thinks George is cute acting like this, trying *so hard* to gain control, take the lead, and make Dream his own puppet—just as Dream has done to him many times before.

George’s pace quickens, thumb swiping over the underside of Dream’s cock in a way that makes him stifle a pathetic whimper. The pleasure builds up rapidly, teeth worrying his bottom lip hard enough to make it bleed if he doesn’t let go. And he tells George he’s close in the most non-verbal way; he stares into umber with an underlying beg of “please,” hoping he looks convincing enough to be able to spill on his stomach. It isn’t.

The boy lets go with a giggle, Dream’s cock slapping against his skin in a way that makes him cry out a strained noise. “God, fuck you,” he groans.

“Oh, you will, Dreamie,” George responds, waiting a few seconds before he takes Dream back into his hand.

His denial of Dream’s release makes him cockier than it should, and Dream knows exactly how he feels—he’s become that way many times before when he does this to George. He’s always enjoyed watching his boyfriend squirm and beg to cum, which is what he assumes George expects him to do, too. He won’t.

Dream cares to moan this time when George spits on his dick, the saliva dripping slowly and sinfully as his palm spreads it over the rest of the length. The tip is awfully pink, leaking with precum and begging to release white, and as much as Dream wants to cum, he’d never *beg* for it. (Maybe he will). And with the devilish glint behind brown eyes, as George lifts his head, Dream knows his release won’t be any time soon.

Denial comes two more times, George dragging his hand up and down quickly before settling at

the base and squeezing. When Dream gets close, he lets go, letting his cock hit his stomach with a loud smack that's too obscene to be considered anything less than pornographic.

"George," he growls, keeping himself from rutting into the air, "I swear to fucking *God* you aren't going to get away with this."

George pouts. "Aw, I think I already have, love."

When George dips his head down, his tongue flicking over the head of Dream's cock, Dream comes into contact with the reflective image of himself in their dresser mirror, and he sees just how much of a wreck he looks like. His face is a deep crimson, eyes dark and pupils blown completely. The glint of handcuffs remind him of his situation—*not touching George*—and if he's honest, he hates this birthday present. (He loves it).

Part of him wants to reach out and flick the end of George's robe up, wants to see the roundness of his ass, and spread him open in the mirror. He wants to kneed and pull and spank George until there's a red handprint that temporarily blisters his skin. Wants to slick his fingers up with the spit and precum on his cock and stretch George open just to make him struggle to suck his dick properly.

He watches George bob his head up and down his cock, hears all the vile sounds that emit in hushed tones and warm vibrations against sensitive skin, feels the glide of George's tongue, and all he can do is wish to touch. He feels like he'll snap. He probably will.

His hips move in their own account, bucking into George's mouth with the intent of making an ill-sounding gag emit from his boyfriend's throat. And George lets Dream have his fun for a moment, allows him to fuck his mouth like the bitch he's been called at least three times tonight.

Dream doesn't have much leverage, solely relying on the strength of his lower half to be able to stuff George's mouth full of his cock, and the slutty sounds that protrude the air become even louder and filled with spit. George is, quite frankly, gagging with every prod of Dream's dick to the back of his throat, eyes rolling with pleased senses before pulling off with a sharp gasp.

The blond isn't able to push him back down.

"Did you ask to do that?" George says with a lilt of annoyance—almost as if he's tired of Dream in general. Dream doesn't answer, so he juts his hand out to grab the other's jaw. "Answer me, you fucking whore."

A whimper properly falls from Dream's lips as he shakes his head. "No..."

"That's what I thought, stupid bitch," George pushes Dream's head away roughly. "And you were so good, too. Up until you decided that what I was giving you isn't good enough."

George crawls from between Dream's legs, ignoring the pathetic whisper of "I'm sorry" that caresses the air around them. And somehow, the way George spits the words out makes Dream feel as if he's done something regrettably sinful, and he'll do anything to make it up to his pretty boy.

His eyes follow George's figure, watching him pull a bottle of lube from the bedside table and slamming the drawer shut harshly. He swallows, saliva thick with hot lava and ash. It's *his* birthday, isn't it? So why isn't he able to fuck George how he pleases? Not that he's complaining, however.

"And because you've been such a bad boy—on your birthday, may I add—you're going to stay cuffed and watch me do what you aren't able to do."

Struggling against the handcuffs, Dream whines, becoming more verbal as the seconds pass by. “No- George, please. I wanna do it.” He doesn’t even know what George has planned, yet he’s still begging to do it for him.

Maybe he can beg. For George, at least.

After tossing the bottle of lube between Dream’s legs, white cotton slips from George’s shoulders, umber holding with viridian as George lets the material fall to the ground. That’s when Dream’s breath catches in his throat.

George is wearing lace panties. Holy mother of God.

They’re black, a floral design embroidered into the thin lace, sitting high on George’s hips where they hug in all the right places. Thin strands dangle from the bottom piece of fabric, adding to the delicate design. They fit George so fucking well—it has Dream’s mouth watering just from the sight of it all.

“Do you like them, Dreamie?” George asks, twisting his hips a little to showcase the underwear more. Dream nods. “Good. Though, if you hadn’t been bad, you could’ve torn them off. Such a shame I’ll have to do it for you.”

Dream groans, biting the inside of his cheek as he throws his head back against the headboard. He’d do anything to touch, to slip his hands under black lace and pull them from George’s body oh-so-slowly—but he’s handcuffed to the bed, and so he yearns to feel supple skin beneath his palms. Instead, his fingers curl, hands balling while the chain of the cuffs jingles in the air.

“You’re such an ass,” he huffs. “When do I get my present?”

With a growing smile, George makes his way back between Dream’s open legs, sitting on his knees as he did before. He doesn’t answer Dream’s question, just letting his hands roam over his thighs before drifting upwards as he spurts out his own. “Do you wanna touch me?”

“More than ever.”

Scooping up the bottle of lube, George eyes Dream as if he’s a rabbit caught in a lion’s den—it should be the other way around. “Then maybe if you’re good, I’ll let you.”

“‘Maybe if I’m good...’” Dream repeats sarcastically. “Oh, please, princess. You know, as soon as these handcuffs come off, you’re going to regret everything, right? You’ll be practically begging for me to go easy on you, and we both know I won’t. Though, you’ve always liked it rough, haven’t you, Georgie?”

It’s clear the sudden shift in dynamics affects George, his eyes trained on the bed as he lets Dream speak his mind to his little heart’s content. And he obviously knows Dream’s words are true, that the second he lets the other free of the restraints—or if he breaks out of them, whichever comes first—that he’s fucked (literally and metaphorically). He chooses to shrug.

“I don’t care, Dream. So please, stop fucking talking,” George shuffles around, tugging lace underwear down thin legs, “or I’ll gag you with these.”

George’s cock springs against his stomach once free of the fabric. He’s incredibly hard, the tip leaking obscenely with precum, and Dream wants to lick it clean. “As if I’d be opposed to that,” Dream whispers.

The brunet slicks three of his fingers with the transparency of lube, watching the liquid slip down

the curve of pale digits with a smirk on his face—Dream watches, too, only more blissful than the other is. George turns around with more than cocky intentions written in his expression, lowering himself down on the bed and hooking his feet underneath Dream's thighs. He reaches underneath himself, silently prodding a finger at his hole before slipping it inside with a muffled whimper.

He has himself propped up on an elbow, face hidden in the sheets as he begins to thrust one finger inside at a slow pace. Dream struggles against the restraints again.

He watches as George sinks to the first knuckle, hand twisted in an awkward position to account for the way he's strewn across the bed. He wants nothing more than to hear the snap of sturdy metal chains, rip them from the bedpost and replace George's fingers with his own.

The brunet gasps when he sinks all the way in, curls his wrist as he slowly pulls out, and plunges back with the obscene sound of smooth mellow around his hand.

"*Fuck,*" George breathes, thighs parting just slightly as he arches his back higher to get a better restraint on his own pleasure. "This is hard to do by yourself."

He adds another finger.

"Let me," he pleads, nearly thrashing against their sheets. "*please,* George, it's my birthday. At least let me stretch you."

The hiss that falls past honey-coated lips has Dream tipping his head back against polished oak, and he can feel slick spit trickle past George's mouth with a breathy moan landing on his dick.

It's nearly impossible to swallow the whine that dares to emerge from the confines of his throat, his boyfriend looking oh-so intoxicating splayed out in front of him, perfect ass on display for his unsought viewing pleasure, and Dream wants to take a sip from the saccharine wine that is *George*.

George muffles his moans by burying his face in the mattress, sure to be a wet spot covered in drool when he finally gets out of these fucking handcuffs and fucks George for all he's worth.

"You're begging," George croaks, "I thought you were too good for begging."

And Dream doesn't care for his own unjust morals, too lost in the visual that is George writhing from just his touch alone, giving way for sinful pleas to cascade from bitten-raw lips. He wants to touch George so fucking badly, wants to be the one who pumps George full of long fingers and pleases him until he crying for more.

He watches George finger himself open, watches how he spreads the two apart, and he knows when he curls them enough to hit that sweet spot buried inside from the pornographic gasps and moans that exude the air. His skin polishes with green envy, eyes darkening with hopeless desire when he blatantly whines in protest. But, again, it's his birthday, so why isn't he the one to do this?

The mockery he earns is emitted by a laugh, George pulling his fingers out as he lifts himself on one hand before returning the foreseeable pleasure. Nevertheless, the new angle isn't as awkward as before, and Dream assumes George is more comfortable with it from the way his sounds flow without that ridiculous strain in his throat.

Dream vies with the handcuffs again, losing the effort with sheer strength as his cock twitches against his stomach. It practically hurts, throbbing for the attention it hasn't received in what feels like hours. And he's to the point where he's just downright frustrated after being denied his release three times.

“Come on, angel,” he groans, loving the way George swallows two of his fingers, “add another.”

Even if the “be patient” sounds ill on George’s tongue, he obliges to the ~~demand~~ request, pulling out slightly just to add a third finger.

Seconds fly by, and suddenly their gazes are locked in the mirror above their dresser, and fuck, does that make Dream squirm. He can see the deep shade of pink that runs over the bridge of George’s nose, expanding to his cheeks and unmarked neck. The glint of perpetual black desire hangs loosely behind umber eyes, the dominant facade he upholds cracking like cement walls. Dream wonders how long it’ll take to crumble completely—if he’ll be the one to make it fall or if George’s own needs will surface every nerve in his body until it flares with spouts of orange flames.

“God, you’re so fucking pretty like this,” George moans, never breaking the eye contact they hold through the mirror. “All desperate and whiny—*fuck*—it’s like you’re my bitch or something.”

The vile sound of lube being pushed in and out of George softly rings through the room, alluring moans joining in when they reverberate off the walls. And when George deems himself stretched enough, he pulls his fingers out entirely, leaving him to clench around nothing. Dream wishes it was his dick.

After throwing Dream a smirk in the reflective glass, George turns around on his knees, the lube back in his hold. The cap echoes, cold liquid being poured over Dream’s sensitive cock within moments. It makes him hiss, hands balling into fists as George wraps dainty fingers around his length, spreading the wetness down to the base along with the gathered precum from the tip.

He gives little squeezes, and Dream gasps, desperate to rut into the fist curled around his dick. “George—please, baby, *please*,” Dream begs, arousal locking in his gut within seconds; he’s close already.

George jerks his hand faster, twisting his movements in a way that has Dream pulling at the handcuffs in the heat of wanting to cum. And when he is right on the edge of death, about to be pushed over the verge of his orgasm and spill all over himself, George pulls off, a light giggle crawling up his throat as Dream practically growls.

“Jesus, fuck, George! Why won’t you let me fucking cum? I thought this was supposed to be a gift?”

The brunet hums. “Your gift was the panties, Dream. But since you wanted to do your own thing, I’ve decided to wait until next year,” he crawls into Dream’s lap, pushing his legs together. He’s face to face with Dream now, something sincere and loving traced behind his eyes as he asks, “You okay?”

And it’s the softness that makes Dream smile.

“More than ever, princess.”

With the confirmation, the fondness is wiped from George’s face in an unruly shift. “Good, because I’m going to ride you, and *you* aren’t going to cum until you beg like the good boy I know you can be.”

They shift around, Dream scooting forwards as much as he can without pulling too much at the handcuffs. George reaches behind himself, lifting his ass to line Dream’s cock up with his entrance. Dream whimpers at the feeling of tautness catching on his tip before he’s engulfed with

warmth when George pushes himself down slowly.

It's an exchange of moans, both from different octaves, as George grabs onto Dream's shoulders to stabilize himself, and Dream wishes he could do it with large hands digging into thin hips.

"I always forget how—*fuck*—how big you are."

George sinks down until his ass is pressed to Dream's upper thighs, a shudder running through his body as his boy warms his cock for a torturous amount of time.

He wants nothing more than to run his hands down the side of George's body, soothe his worries by tracing love-adorned hearts into pale ribs as he adjusts to Dream's length. They're both panting—Dream more so than the latter—basking in the glow of euphoric warmth that surrounds their bodies.

The twitch of his cock has George moaning, nails digging crescent-shaped marks into Dream's shoulder blades, and if he's already coming undone, he wonders how long George will be able to keep this up.

"You okay, love?" he teases, bucking his hips up slightly just to hear the toe-curling moan that slips past a silver tongue. Argent drips from George's mouth as he pulls his bottom lip between his teeth, soaking Dream's bones in self-righteous gratification.

"M fine," George mutters, his head dipping down, and Dream follows his gaze to where the two are connected. "Just, b-big."

It's not uncommon for his boyfriend to slip into subspace while they fuck; countless nights spent fucking George into their mattress with brown curls pulled tight between Dream's fingers, always ending in his boyfriend blabbering incoherent curses and moans.

But for him to fall so quickly—when Dream hasn't even *fucking cum yet*—the grin that etches itself onto his face can't be stopped.

"Sure, princess," he drawls, a sarcastic edge to his tongue. "You're not turning all compliant on me, are you, baby?"

"N-No..."

And as Dream watches as George struggles to lift himself, feels the wavering drag of tight walls around the length of his cock, he can't find it himself to believe him.

It sparks something in Dream—it always has—and even though George teased him all evening—held Dream's pleasure in dainty hands and twisted until Dream was sure he was a puddle of his own forgotten name—he can't help but bask in the triumph that, even while handcuffed and made to take whatever he was given, *George still slipped*.

George is trying not to—he really is, Dream can give him that—but his legs give out when he's halfway up Dream's length, and he collapses on the blond's chest with pitiful moans slipping past slick lips.

"Dr'mie," George pleads, the slur of tender words running a shiver up Dream's spine. "G'nna r'de you."

He can't help but laugh at the languid mispronunciation; George is always cute when he's in subspace. His wrists tug at the cuffs, crimson bruises sure to paint sun-kissed skin like a canvas in

the morning.

“You sure are, baby,” he teases. “You’re gonna fuck me like you set out to do. Gonna keep your promise and make me your bitch, aren’t you?”

He can feel the dampness of tears fall to his chest, spill down his sides and mark red-silken sheets in salty artificial rain. George mews, pathetically rolls his hips once, then twice, preening at the stimulation against his prostate as he tries so hard to lift his shaky legs.

“Answer me, doll,” Dream quips, voice low as he slips back into his domineering state—a state he loves oh-so-much when it promises George’s pleasure. “Or are you too much of a slut to even speak around my cock.”

It’s not even a question, the jab in which he thrusts his dick up into George punctuating the end of his sentence. The brunet quickly gives in, full-on sobs drawn across Dream’s chest, pretty noises echoing in the expanse of their bedroom.

“Can’t,” George cries, pressing desperate kisses to Dream’s shoulder and letting tears fall freely when he meets his gaze. He sits up, legs shaky and fingers trembling, when he places his hands behind Dream’s head. “Can’t do it, need you.”

“Oh, but, baby,” Dream says, voice dripping with saccharine venom as he lightly tugs on his restraints, “I’m all tied up, remember? I can’t help you.”

“I’ll take ‘em off, *pl’s*, Dr’mie, can’t do it.”

And as much as Dream would love to free himself of pretty handcuffs, to snap metal in half and run his fingers along the curve of his boyfriend’s body until he’s limp in his arms and spewing half-uttered curses—George is all too intoxicating like this.

His eyes are rimmed with crimson tears trailing down his blushing cheeks, and Dream is sure he can taste them when they catch on the corner of his mouth. George’s legs are trembling with splendid effort as he tries to keep himself upright, shaking violently when Dream teasingly bucks his hips inside his tight warmth.

He wants to drink from George’s cries, get drunk on pleading moans as everything he’s promised to do gets wiped away with his dignity. And maybe, deep down, Dream is some type of sadist—or maybe it’s the way George wails so *prettily* that has him smirking in response.

“No,” he says, tone demanding, yet it barely hides the desperation that wracks his bones. “You put me in these cuffs, so I’m gonna *stay* in these cuffs. That was the deal, wasn’t it? That was what you *wanted*.”

George whimpers. Dream shuts him up with a particularly deep roll of his hips.

“So deal with it, slut. Fuck yourself on my cock.”

And fuck, does that make George whine. He lifts himself up again, choking out a moan at the feeling of Dream inching out of him before plopping down, and Dream enjoys the sight of shaky legs and pretty tears more than he really should. The crying boy bounces on his cock weakly, his movements slow as he begs Dream to help him, but Dream doesn’t. He says still, smirking to himself, and watches George fall into submissive bliss.

George is crying; his eyes are red and puffy, thick lashes clumping together from dampness, and Dream finds it to be the most attractive sight he’s ever been welcomed with. And when George is

yearning, gasping from barely-there prods to his prostate, Dream never wants to unsee this moment.

“You’re so pretty when you cry for me, angel,” Dream whispers, wishing to cup his boyfriend’s face, wipe the tears away, and taste the saltiness on his tongue.

The boy nods, spewing out incoherent words of “yes” and “‘m pretty.” Dream feels victorious knowing he’s gotten George to this point without laying a single finger on perfect skin, and he thinks they should do this more often.

Everything soon gets too much for George, not able to lift himself up without his legs feeling like jelly. And his attempts to ride Dream are just weak little grinds forward; practically cockwarming Dream. He begs for help, sobs until he thinks he’ll explode from the lack of friction, and Dream can only laugh.

“You really need my help, princess?” George cries out a yes. Dream laughs again. “It’ll hurt if I do.”

“Don’ care.”

Trembling hands fly out to uncuff Dream from the bed, silver metal falling to the bed with a soft clang. It’s ignored.

Dream waits for a second; his mind needs to process the fact that he’s free of the restraints before his hands are on George’s hips, bringing him up and slamming him back down on his cock. And George readily screams out a rejoice tuned in the octave of Dream’s name as he collapses against the other’s chest. He’s jerked up and down quickly, strings of moans never-ending when he’s being used for Dream’s aching desires.

The blond has his head thrown back against the headboard, jaw dropped to emit low moans curved with sickening red lust, and he smirks when he feels warmth cover his stomach; George came.

“Aw, princess,” he breathes, “is it good?” He gets babbles in response.

In a swift movement, Dream pulls out of George, ignoring the whines of protest as he pushes the other on his back. His hands grip tightly on small hips, flipping George over on his stomach before driving his chest flush with the mattress of the bed. Dream lines his cock up and slams inside, one hand flattening between George’s shoulder blades as the other stays at the top of his ass.

Decidedly, the new angle makes George moan even louder, causing him to spill all of his slutty sounds into the sheets as shaky hands twist at white cotton fabric. It’s breathtaking, completely unholy, and that’s exactly how Dream loves to see him.

Little chants of “please” and “more” egg Dream on, fucking into George even harder, and he feels himself locking into a deep bliss of *close*; low noises become higher, and he knows he won’t last any longer.

He spills into George with a loud moan, cock pulsing as he paints the boy’s insides white. George is sobbing in the mattress, convulsing with pleasure as he’s pushed into overstimulation at the thrusts Dream provides to fuck himself through his orgasm. His body is shaking, thighs trembling as they’ve been for a while, and Dream is in awe at the sight of his boyfriend completely ruined.

When Dream pulls out, cum slips from George’s hole, dripping sinfully as moans turn into hushed breaths. George is properly fucked out beyond anything Dream has ever seen during their intimate moments together, and he doesn’t stop shaking until they’re cleaned up and cuddled underneath

new sheets.

“You did good, baby,” Dream whispers into a mess of brown hair. “I enjoyed tonight.”

George smiles up at him, placing a chaste kiss on raw-bitten lips.

“Happy birthday, Clay.”

End Notes

comments a kudos are cool

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